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APRIL


FLYING SAUCERS COMICS

UNBELIEVABLE ACCOUNTS
OF BIZARRE
SIGHTINGS OF
UFO'S
AND THE
"MEN" WHO
FLY THEM...

COLLECTOR'S
EDITION



FLYING SAUCERS



OF THE HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF REPORTS OF SO CALLED "FLYING SAUCERS", EVEN THE MOST HARDENED SKEPTIC WILL ADMIT TO THE REMARKABLE SIMILARITY IN THE DESCRIPTIONS GIVEN BY THOSE WHO HAVE CLAIMED TO HAVE SEEN THE ELUSIVE, GLOWING DISCS. THOUGH THE SIZES REPORTED RANGE FROM AS SMALL AS 8 INCHES ACROSS, MOST FALL IN A RANGE WITH AN OUTSIDE DIAMETER OF 30 FEET. THE "CABIN" PORTION IS USUALLY DESCRIBED AS BEING ABOUT 12 FEET THICK AND THERE IS VIRTUAL 100% AGREEMENT THAT THE CRAFT ARE METALLIC. DESCRIPTIONS OF THE NUMEROUS, INTENSE LIGHTS WHICH EMIT FROM THE SHIPS ARE IDENTICAL. MANY REPORTS INCLUDE A DESCRIPTION OF A BURNING OR HEAT SENSATION FROM THE SHIPS. BUT, THOUGH THE SIMILARITIES OF DESCRIPTION ARE STRIKING, THEIR ACTUAL EXISTENCE HAS YET TO BE PROVEN BEYOND A DOUBT.

ON A WARM JULY EVENING IN 1966, SEAMAN THIRD CLASS RICHARD GROVER HITCH-HIKING TO HIS HOME IN VERMONT ON A THREE DAY PASS FROM THE NAVAL STATION IN GROTON, CONNECTICUT, BEMOANS THE LATE HOUR AND THE ABSENCE OF CARS ON THE ROAD. INTENT ON SPENDING AS MUCH TIME AS POSSIBLE WITH HIS FIANCE HE IS DETERMINED TO WALK THE REMAINING MILE HOME IF HE HAS TO WHEN THE MOST STARTLING SIGHT OF HIS LIFE SUDDENLY CONFRONTS HIM... A SIGHT THAT, IF HE LIVES THROUGH IT, WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!



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YOU'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO, SAILOR... AND NOT MUCH TIME AT THAT. HARDLY SEEMS WORTH THE TRIP TO ME.

IT'S WORTH IT ALL RIGHT. I'M SHIPPING OUT WHEN I GET BACK. THIS'LL BE MY LAST CHANCE TO SEE MY GIRL.

I'M MAKING GOOD TIME. AT THIS RATE I'LL BE HOME BEFORE MORNING. BOY, WILL RACHEL BE SURPRISED.

HOP IN, SAILOR. USED TO DO A LITTLE THUMBING MYSELF WHEN I WAS IN THE SERVICE. I KNOW HOW IT IS.

THANKS!

BY NIGHTFALL, SEAMAN GROVER WAS WITHIN FIFTEEN MILES OF HIS DESTINATION...

SORRY I CAN'T TAKE YOU THE REST OF THE WAY BUT MY FAMILY'S EXPECTING ME.

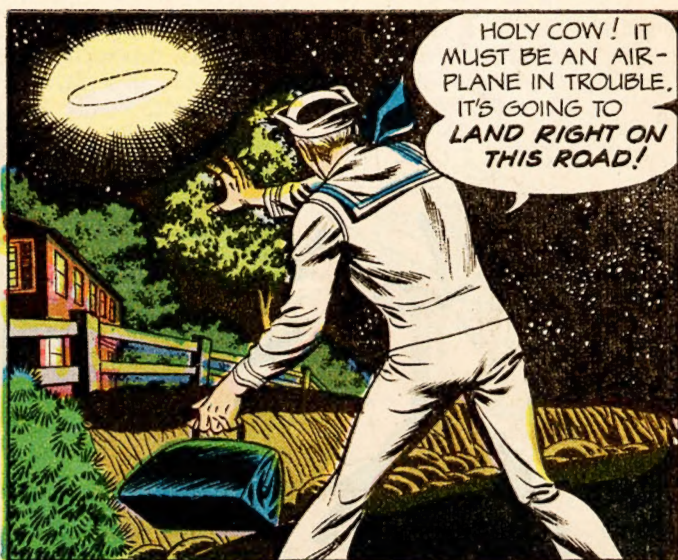
THAT'S ALL RIGHT I'M ALMOST THERE.

TALK ABOUT A CHANGE IN LUCK. I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR OVER TWO HOURS AND NOBODY... **NOBODY** HAS STOPPED. I'LL MAKE IT THOUGH. EVEN IF I HAVE TO WALK!

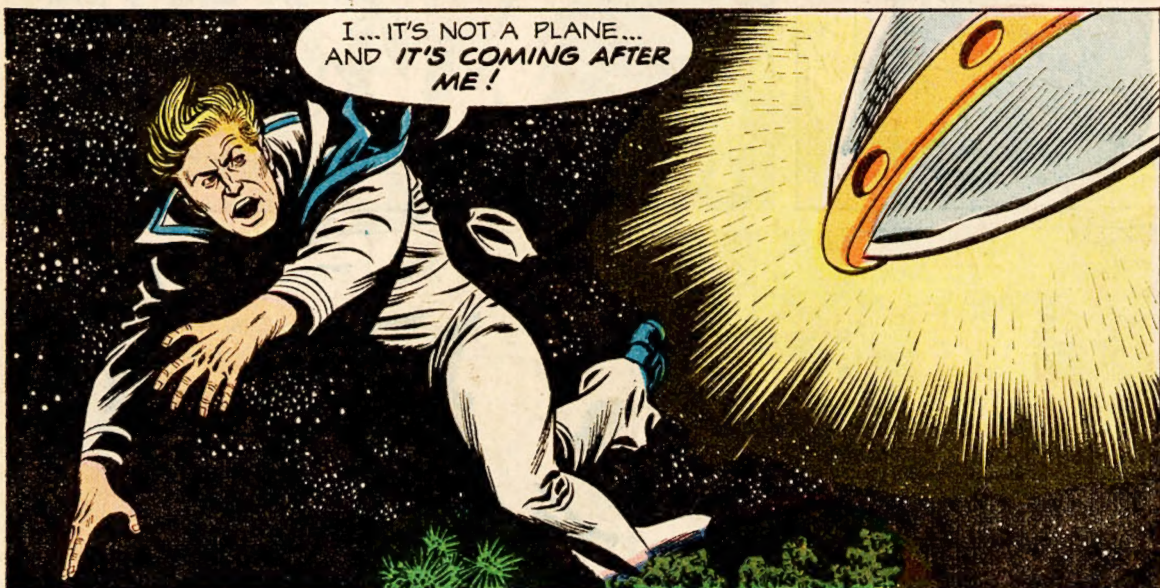
THAT'S FUNNY. THAT STAR... IT SEEMS TO GET BIGGER THE LONGER I LOOK AT IT. MAYBE IT'S A PLANE... OR, GEE! I'LL BET IT'S A SATELLITE. NEVER SAW ONE BEFORE.



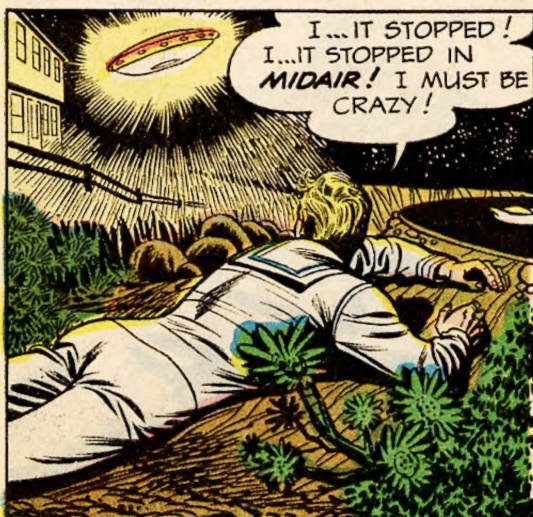
HOLY COW! IT MUST BE AN AIR-PLANE IN TROUBLE. IT'S GOING TO LAND RIGHT ON THIS ROAD!



I...IT'S NOT A PLANE... AND **IT'S COMING AFTER ME!**

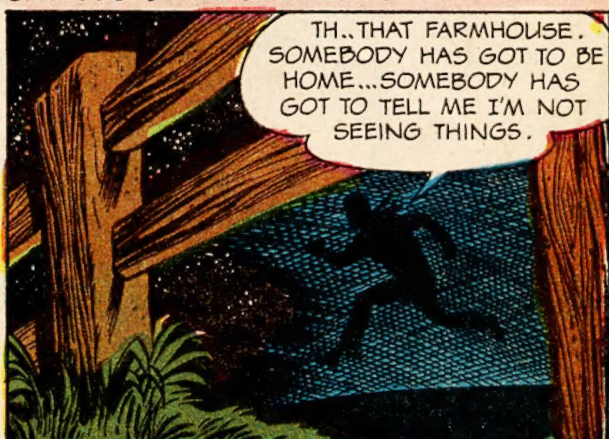


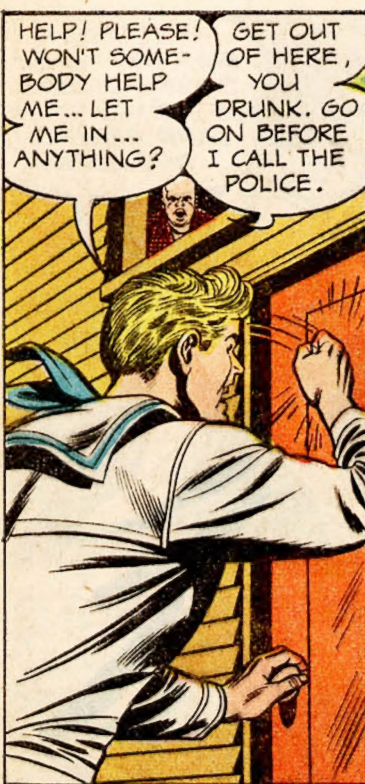
I...IT STOPPED!
I...IT STOPPED IN
MIDAIR! I MUST BE
CRAZY!



COWERING IN THE DITCH FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY, GROVER WAITED UNTIL FINALLY THE OMINOUS SHAPE SPED OUT OF SIGHT...

TH..THAT FARMHOUSE.
SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO BE
HOME...SOMEBODY HAS
GOT TO TELL ME I'M NOT
SEEING THINGS.





HELP! PLEASE!
WON'T SOME-
BODY HELP
ME... LET
ME IN...
ANYTHING?

GET OUT
OF HERE,
YOU
DRUNK. GO
ON BEFORE
I CALL THE
POLICE.



THAT'S IT...THE POLICE.
I'LL GO BACK TO THE
VILLAGE. THE POLICE CAN
TELL ME WHAT I
SAW.



YOU..YOU'VE
GOT TO HELP
ME... COME
WITH ME.
OUT THERE...
A THING...
BIGGER THAN
A TRUCK...
FLYING AFTER
ME.. TRYING
TO GET ME.

SURE, SURE,
SAILOR. I
UNDERSTAND.
NOW WHY
DON'T YOU JUST
ROLL UP ON
THAT COT OVER
THERE AND
SLEEP IT OFF?



I'M NOT DRUNK.
I KNOW WHAT I SAW..
AND IT WAS REAL.
YOU'VE GOT TO COME
WITH ME... YOU'VE
JUST GOT TO.

NOW LOOK, SONNY.
YOU DON'T TELL **ME**
WHAT I'VE GOT TO
DO!



LARRY, YOU WANT TO HEAR
A GOOD ONE? LADY DOWN
THE ROAD SAYS A **SHOOT-
ING STAR** WAS CHASING
HER IN HER CAR...



SUDDENLY, AN
ELECTRIFIED
SILENCE CUTS
EACH OF THE
MEN TO
THE QUICK
AS THEY
REALIZE ALL
AT THE
SAME TIME
THAT TONIGHT
IS A NIGHT
NONE OF
THEM WILL
EVER
FORGET...

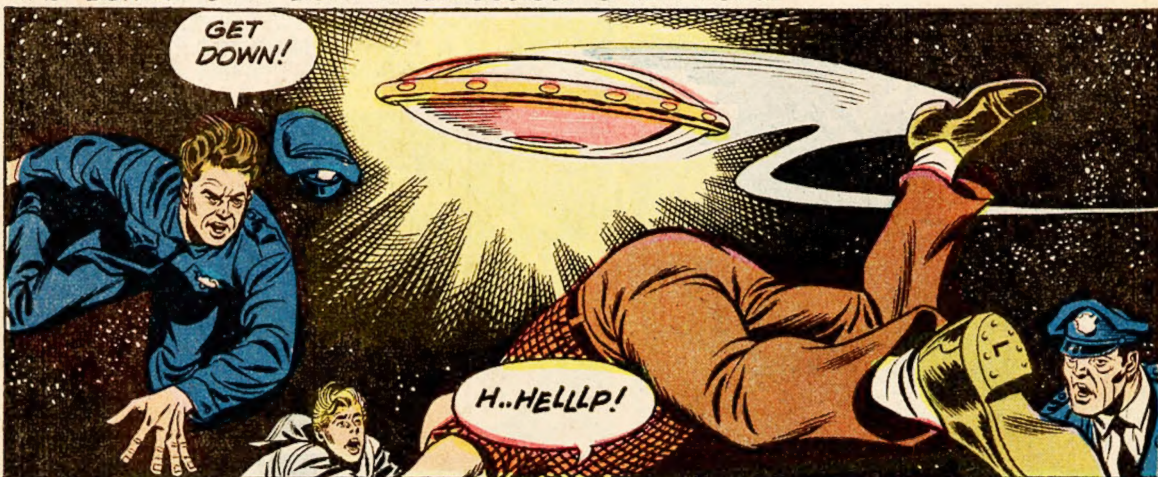
GREAT SCOT! THEN THERE
IS SOMETHING OUT THERE.
COME ON, KID. SHOW ME
WHERE YOU SAW IT!

I...I DON'T
BELIEVE IT...

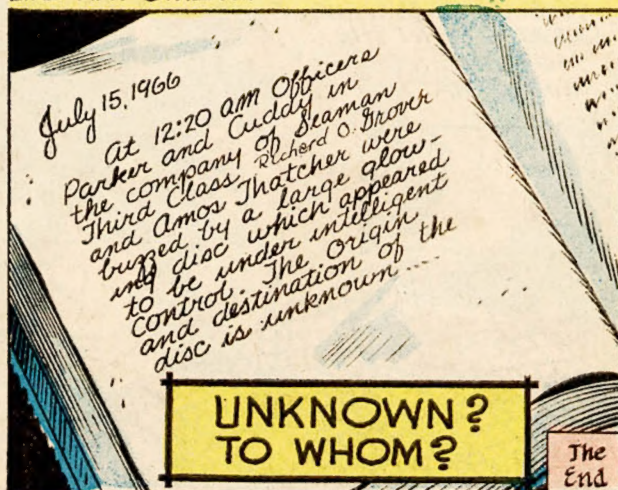
THROWING CAUTION TO THE WIND, THE TWO OFFICERS AND THE FRIGHTENED SAILOR SPED TO THE SCENE OF THE SIGHTING.



FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT NIGHT, A REMOTE PIECE OF VERMONT REAL ESTATE WAS LIGHTED BY A LIGHT OF IMPOSSIBLE BRILLIANCE...



IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN WHERE SCARCELY ANYTHING EVER HAPPENS, THERE IS A NOTATION IN THE POLICE BLOTTER QUITE UNLIKE ANY OTHER...



FLYING SAUCERS

The Devil Ship

BASEBALL, THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME, IS NOT LIMITED IN POPULARITY TO NORTH AMERICA. ON A CLEAR SPRING DAY IN 1961 TWO BRAZILIAN YOUTHS, JOAO MORAES AND PEDRO SOUZA WERE TOSsing A BALL BACK AND FORTH IN A CLEARING NOT FAR FROM THE SMALL VILLAGE WHERE THEY LIVED. JOAO MISSED A POP FLY AND THE BALL SCOOTED INTO SOME NEARBY BUSHES. NEEDLESS TO SAY, WHEN JOAO ENTERED THOSE BUSHES HE QUITE FORGOT ABOUT THE LOST BALL...AND NEARLY EVERYTHING ELSE!

PEDRO...
HELP ME...GET
HIM OFF ME.
AAAGGGH!

HE...HE IS
HARD AS STEEL!

KRACK!



EACH DAY AFTER SCHOOL, JOAO AND PEDRO, LIFELONG FRIENDS, HURRIED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THEIR SMALL VILLAGE TO PURSUE THEIR LIFELONG AMBITION...

LET HIM JOKE. ONE DAY WE WILL BE FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYERS. HE'LL SEE...WE'LL BE FAMOUS!

HA HA HA!

HIGHER. JOAO, HIGHER. LIKE IT WAS A POP FLY. DON'T WORRY... I'LL GET IT.



JOAO. WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? I NEARLY HIT YOU WITH A FAST BALL...YOU WEREN'T EVEN LOOKING. WHAT? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

HUH? OH, GOSH...I DON'T KNOW. SOMETHING...SOMETHING FUNNY LIKE A FEELING. GEE, I JUST DON'T KNOW. I FELT FUNNY...LIKE SOMEBODY WAS WATCHING US OR SOMETHING.

YOU BETTER GET USED TO BEING WATCHED, JOAO. WHEN WE PLAY IN THE STADIUM...THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS WILL WATCH. YOU'LL SEE.

FOR THE
NEXT HALF
HOUR, THE TWO
BOYS
PRACTICED
AT THE SPORT
THEY WERE
CERTAIN WOULD
ONE DAY
MAKE THEM
FAMOUS.
UNEVENTFUL
PRACTICE
UNTIL...

OOOPS. SORRY, JOAO. I HIT
THAT ONE A LITTLE HARD.

I'LL GET
IT...

KRACK!

HURRY UP, JOAO.
IT'LL BE DARK IN
A LITTLE
WHILE...

KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON...

AAAAIIIEEEE!

JOAO...JOAO? I...IS SOMETHING
WRONG. WHY...WHY DID YOU...

AAAKHH!

P...PEDRO! H...HELP
ME...I...IT'S GOT ME!



G...GET OFF...
GET OFF
OF ME.

OOF!



AHHHHH!

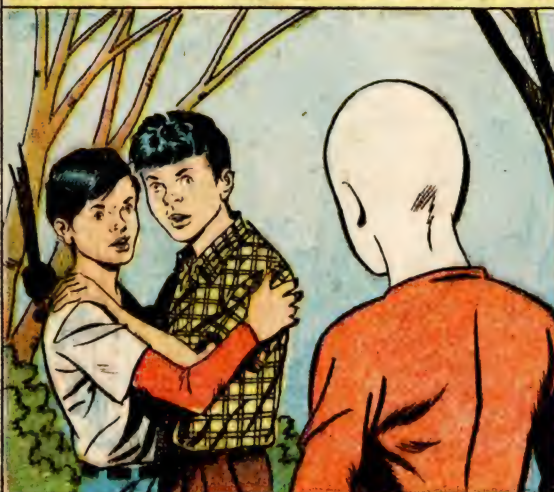
KRAK!

GET AWAY! G...GET
AWAY FROM HIM.
L...LEAVE US ALONE!

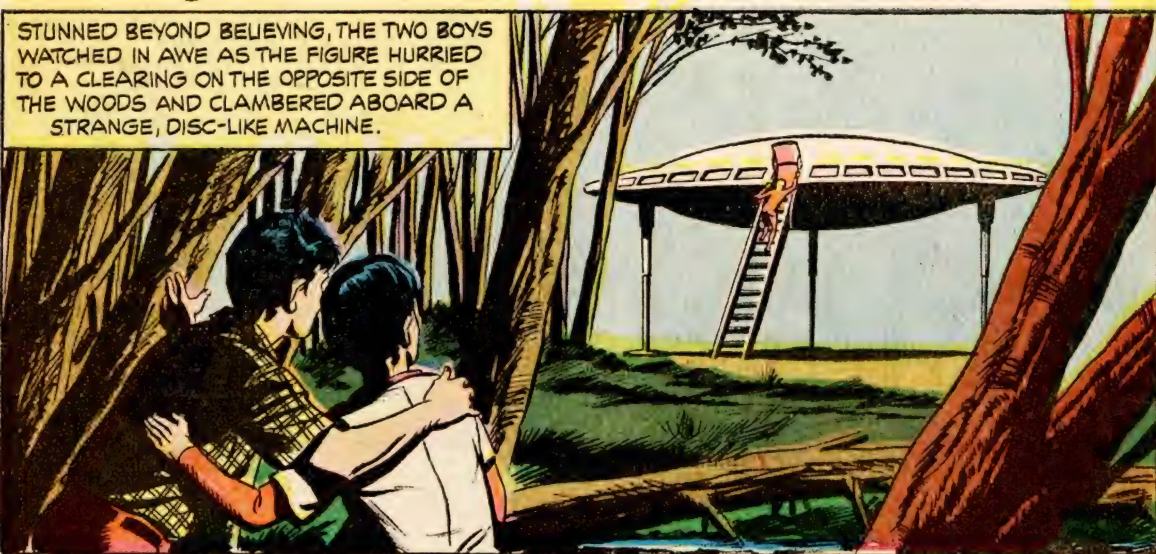


THE BAT SHATTERED AS IF PEDRO HAD SLAMMED
IT AGAINST A STEEL POST. THE STRANGE FIGURE...
WHATEVER IT WAS...STOOD MOTIONLESS FOR A
MOMENT, NEITHER THREATENING NOR FRIGHTENED...

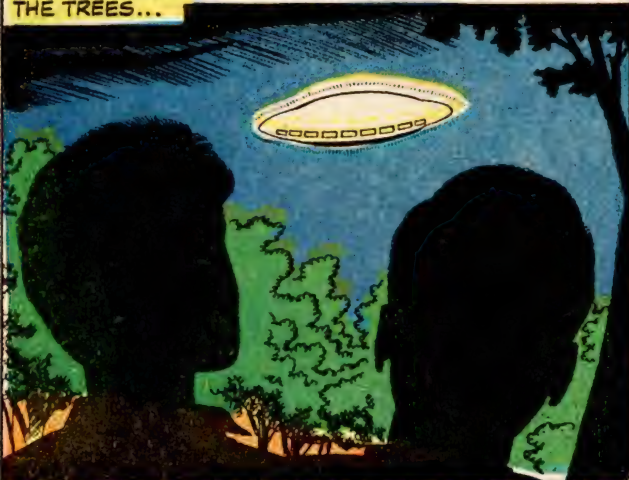
THEN, AS IF THE ENTIRE INCIDENT HAD BEEN AN
ACCIDENT, THE FIGURE TURNED AND DARTED
INTO THE WOODS...



STUNNED BEYOND BELIEVING, THE TWO BOYS WATCHED IN AWE AS THE FIGURE HURRIED TO A CLEARING ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WOODS AND CLAMBERED ABOARD A STRANGE, DISC-LIKE MACHINE.



WITHOUT A SOUND, THE CRAFT BEGAN TO RISE ABOVE THE TREES...



...AND WITHIN SECONDS IT WAS GONE FROM SIGHT, FLYING STRAIGHT UP AT A PHENOMENAL RATE OF SPEED.



WHILE AT THE SAME TIME...

RIBEIRO? HAVE YOU SEEN MY JOAO? HOW CAN A BOY PLAY BASEBALL WHEN IT IS DARK?

THOSE TWO...THEY CAN PLAY BY STAR-LIGHT...OR SHOOTING STARS. SEE...THERE IS ONE NOW.



BUT DON'T YOU WORRY...I WILL HELP YOU FIND THOSE BOYS. THEY SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO WORRY THEIR MOMMAS. HMM, NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A BRIGHT METEOR..





THAT IS ODD. FOR SUCH
SERIOUS BALL PLAYERS IT
SEEMS STRANGE THAT THEY
WOULD LEAVE THEIR MOST
PRIZED POSSESSIONS
LYING AROUND.



JOAO...PEDRO...WHERE ARE
YOU? IT IS LATE...YOUR MOMMAS
ARE WORRIED...ANSWER ME...



THEY ARE BAD BOYS TO...
WHAT IS THIS? HAS THERE
BEEN A FIRE HERE A
ROUND FIRE?



SENHOR RIBEIRO! SENHOR RIBEIRO!
COME QUICKLY...I HAVE FOUND THEM!



SANTA MARIA! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
TH...THEY HAVE SEEN SOMETHING...
SOMETHING FROM THE DEVIL!

AAAAAAAAAAAA!

INDEED THEY HAVE SEEN SOMETHING,
SENHOR RIBEIRO.BUT, IF IT WAS FROM THE
DEVIL OR NOT...NOBODY CAN KNOW BECAUSE
THERE'S NOBODY TO ASK!...

The End

FLYING SAUCERS

FAR OUT Physical



CARL ROMAIN, GENTLEMAN FARMER, CONNOISSEUR, HORSE BREEDER AND DOG FANCIER LEAVES HIS LARGE HOUSE ON A CLEAR FALL EVENING TO WALK HIS FAVORITE SHOW DOG ON THE REMOTE BACK PORTION OF HIS COUNTRY ESTATE. CURIOUS ABOUT AN ODD LIGHT GLOWING IN A REAR MEADOW, CARL ROMAIN INVESTIGATES...MUCH TO HIS GREAT SURPRISE!



THANK YOU, SIMS. I THINK I'LL TAKE EARL OF DERBY TO THE BACK MEADOW AND LET HIM RUN OFF SOME OF THAT FAT. HE EATS BETTER THAN I DO, I THINK.

IT'LL DO HIM GOOD, SIR.

GO, BOY. RUN FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH.



WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE THE REFLECTION FROM A CAR WINDSHIELD. I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THAT. MIGHT BE POACHERS AFTER MY PHEASANTS.

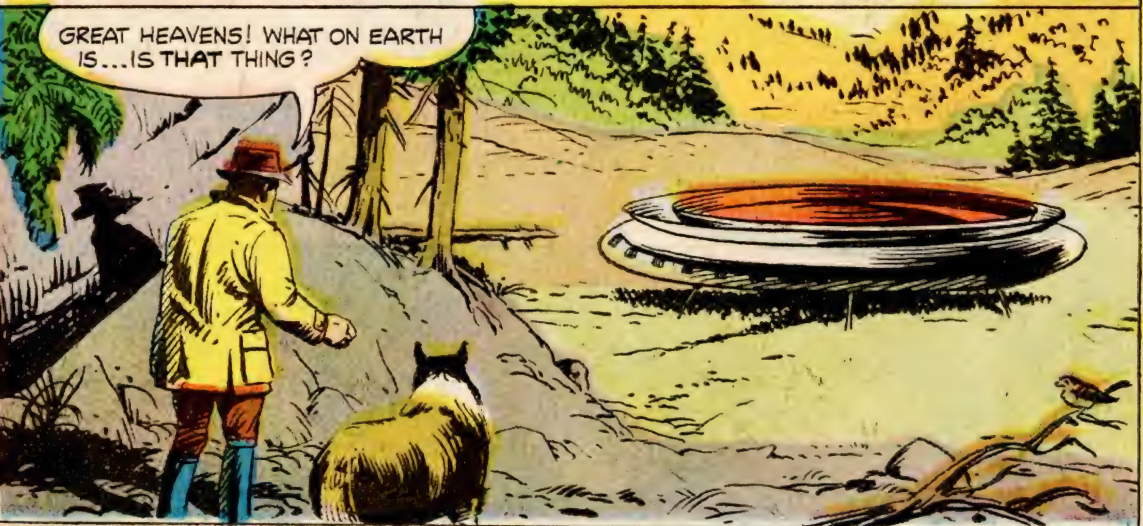
OOFF!

YOU FOUND SOMETHING, EARL...MY WORD! WHAT IN CREATION IS THAT?

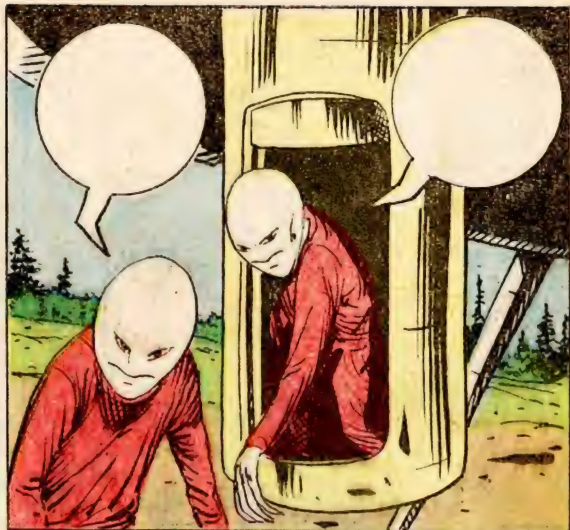


FROM THE TOP OF THE RISE, CARL ROMAIN VIEWS ONE OF THE MOST STARTLING SIGHTS OF HIS LIFE...

GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT ON EARTH IS...IS THAT THING?



EASY, BOY. I DON'T KNOW WHO PUT THAT THING HERE...BUT I'LL SOON FIND OUT. THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, YOU KNOW.



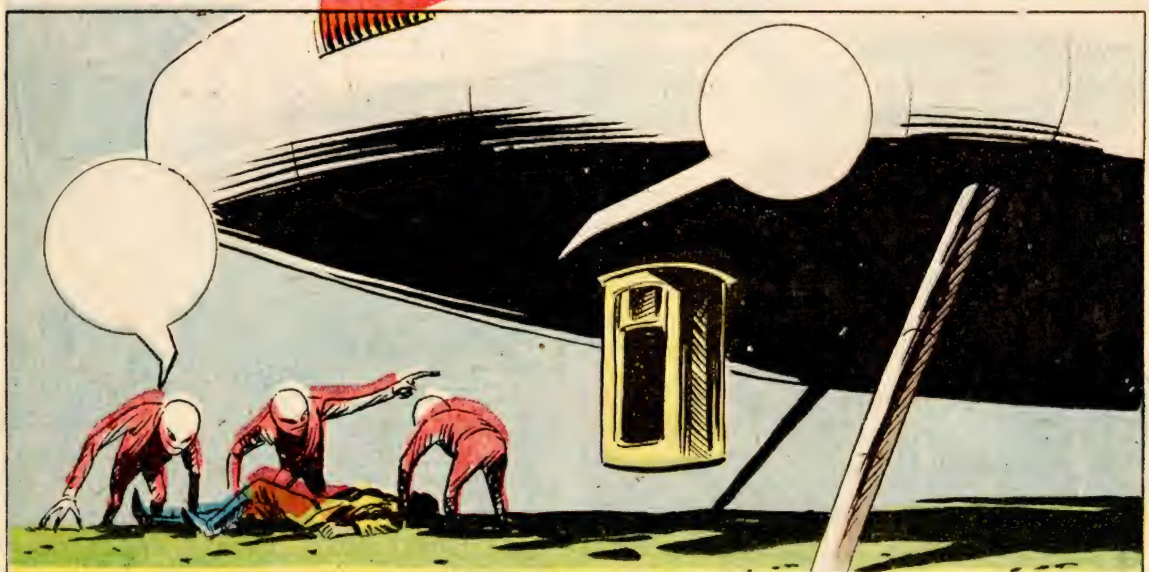
NOW SEE HERE, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER YOU ARE. IF THIS IS SOME SORT OF PRANK I'LL HAVE THE LOT OF YOU THROWN IN JAIL.

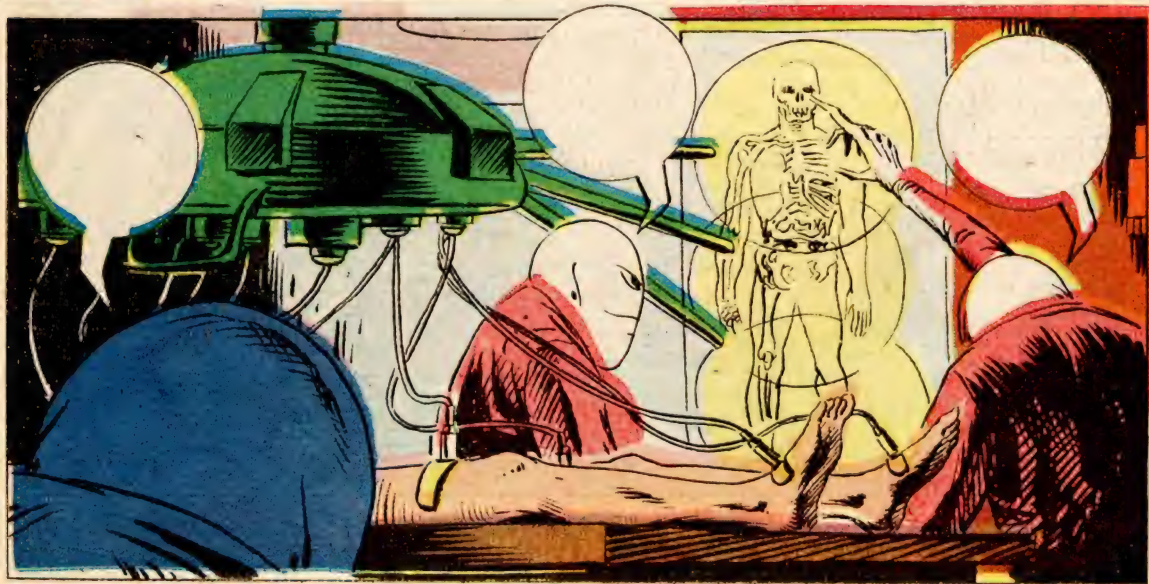
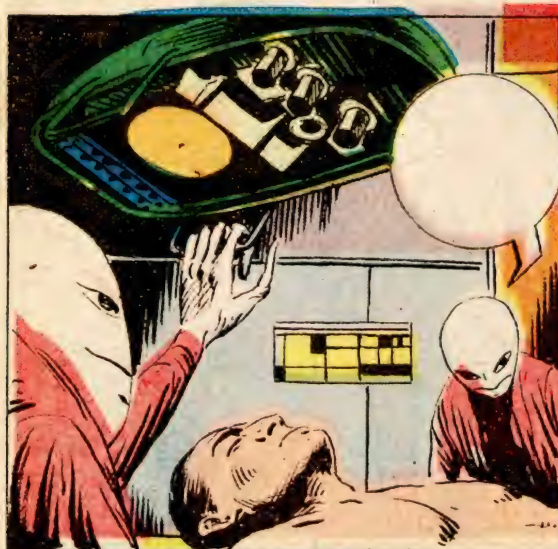
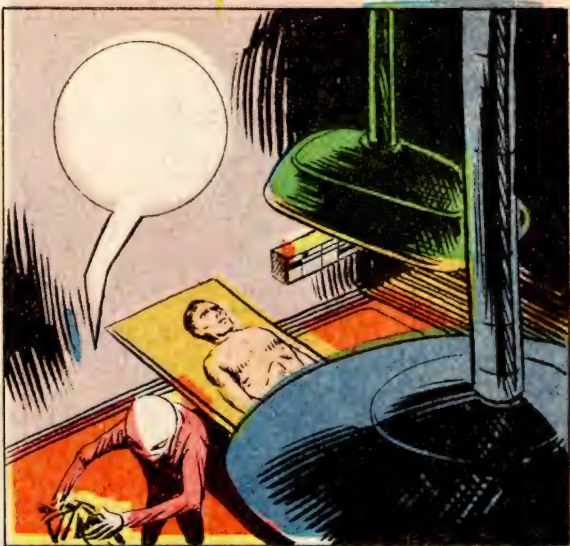


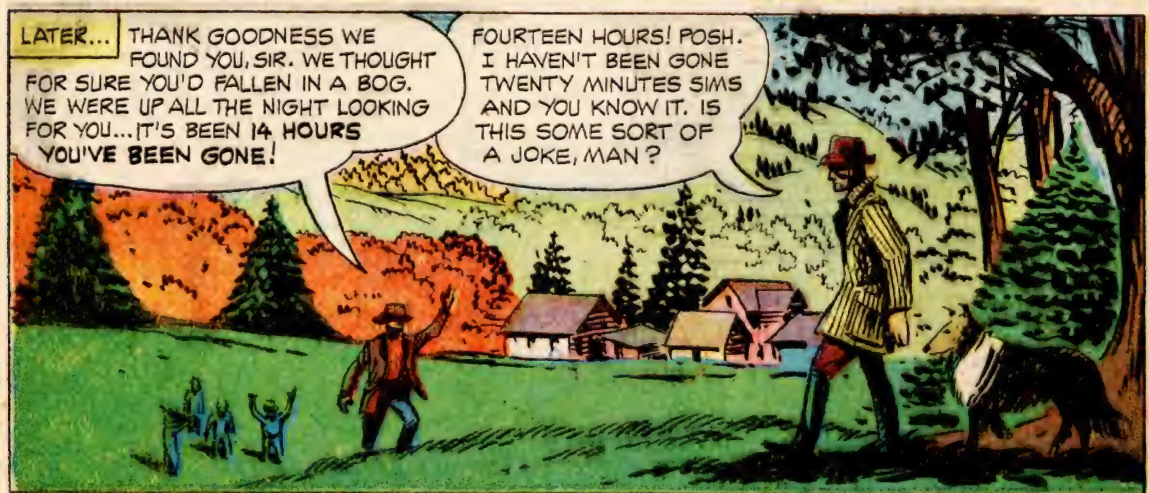
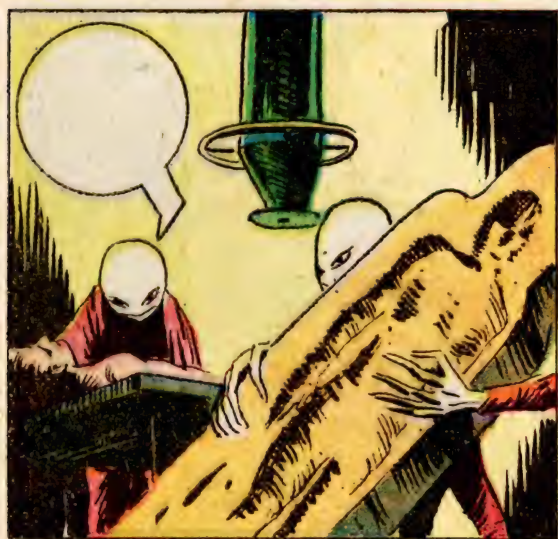
YOU GET YOUR WRETCHED HANDS AWAY FROM ME. GET AWAY, I SAY.

I'LL SHOW YOU WHO IS MASTER...OW!









LATER... THANK GOODNESS WE FOUND YOU, SIR. WE THOUGHT FOR SURE YOU'D FALLEN IN A BOG. WE WERE UP ALL THE NIGHT LOOKING FOR YOU...IT'S BEEN 14 HOURS YOU'VE BEEN GONE!

FOURTEEN HOURS! POSH. I HAVEN'T BEEN GONE TWENTY MINUTES SIMS AND YOU KNOW IT. IS THIS SOME SORT OF A JOKE, MAN?

IT WOULD SEEM, MR. ROMAIN, THAT THERE ARE MORE PEOPLE WHO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU THAN YOU DO...A WHOLE LOT MORE!

The End

FLYING SAUCERS

STRANGE SHOOT OUT

FEUDIN' AND FIGHTIN' IS OLD STUFF TO SOME OF THE BOLDER FAMILIES WHO MAKE THEIR HOMES AMONG THE HILLS OF THE RIDGEBACK MOUNTAINS IN A STATE FAMOUS FOR ITS MARKSMEN! BUT THE EVENTS OF OCTOBER 14, 1951 WASN'T FEUDIN' AND IT WASN'T FIGHTIN' ... TO THIS DAY **NOBODY** KNOWS WHAT IT **REALLY** WAS...

LUKE! A HIND YA ...
OVER THERE! ANOTHER,
A THEM!

I GOT 'IM, JED... BUT THE CARNSARNED
THINGS JUST FALLS DOWN AND GETS BACK
UP! WE AIN'T HURTIN' THEM A BIT!

BAM!

BLAM!

PAW! PAW!
I HIT ME
ANOTHER!
LOOKEE!

KAPOW!

RUFUS TALMADGE WAS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER TEEN AGE BOY... ANY WORK THAT COULD BE AVOIDED, SHOULD BE AVOIDED, UNTIL THE BITTER END...

HOW MANY TIMES I GOT TO TELL YOU TO PUT SOME WATER OUT FOR THEM CHICKENS? GIT!

AW, ALL RIGHT, MAW!

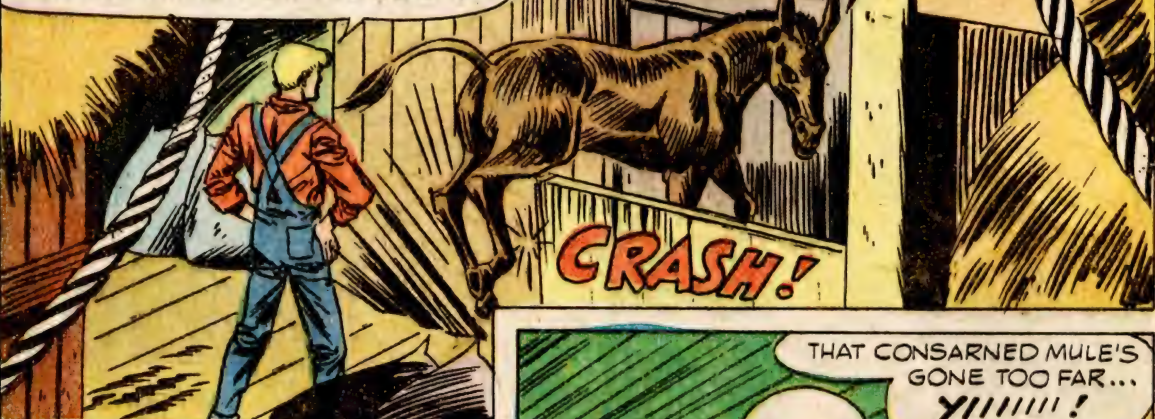
AND LOOK TO THAT LONG EARED MULE! SOMETHING'S BOTHERIN' HER, THAT'S FOR SURE!

OKAY, MA, OKAY!



HEY, MULE, WHAT IN SAM HILL GOT INTO YOU? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SEEN THE GLUE FACTORY TRUCK PULL UP OR SOMETHIN'... NOW SIMMER DOWN!

HEEYAW! HEEYAAAW!

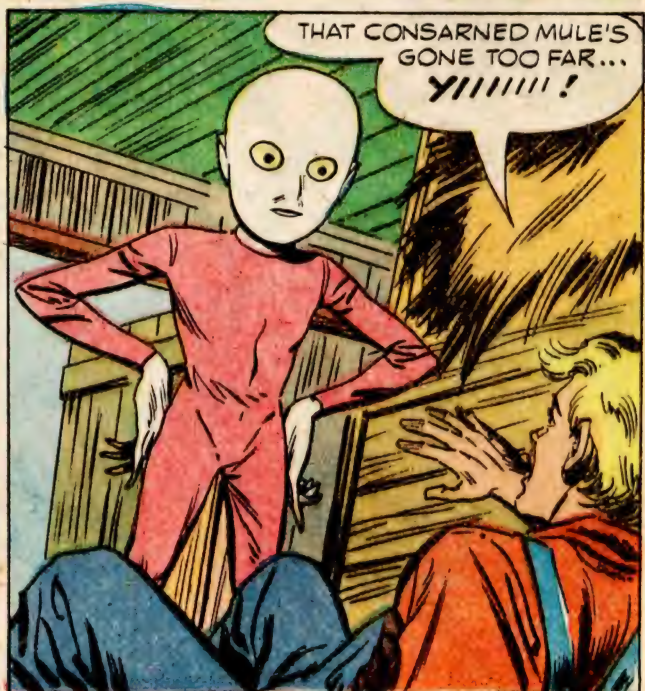


NOW LOOK, MULE, YOU GOT TO... OW!

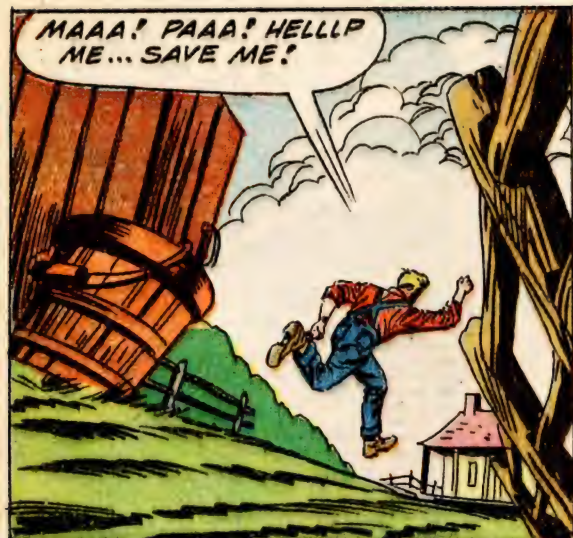
HEEHAWW!



THAT CONSERNSD MULE'S GONE TOO FAR... YIIIIIIII!



MAAA! PAAA! HELLLP
ME... SAVE ME!



MA! WHERE PA-
AN' UNCLE LUKE?
WE GOT US A
GHOST IN THE
BARN!

SHUSH, BOY! DON'T YOU
COME RUSHIN' IN HERE
WITH LONG STORIES
ABOUT GHOSTS... YOU
DIDN'T EVEN WIPE OFF
YOUR FEET... SHAME!



I'M NOT TELLIN' ANY
LONG STORY, MA! I
SEEN IT JUST AS GOOD
AS I'M SEENIN' YOU...
AND I SEEN IT, YOU
BELIEVE ME I
SEEN IT!

WHAT YOU GOIN' TO
DO WITH THAT
GUN...?



I'M GOIN' TO GET ME A GHOST...
I'M GOIN' TO GET ME A REAL
LIVE GHOST!

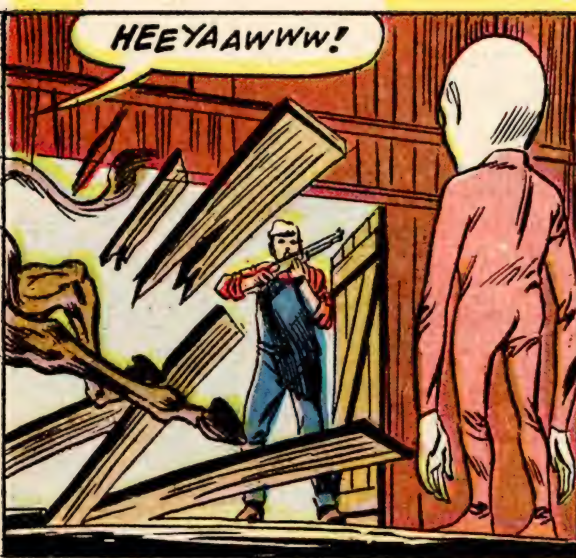


WHERE YOU GOIN'
SO ALL FIRED FAST?

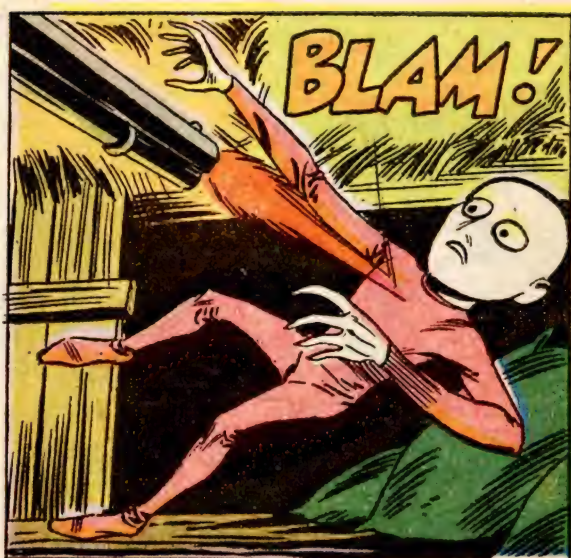
WE GOT US A GHOST IN THE BARN! CAN' YA
HEAR HIM? GO GIT PAW AND UNCLE LUKE...
MEBEE THERE'S MORE A THEM!



HEEYAAWWW!



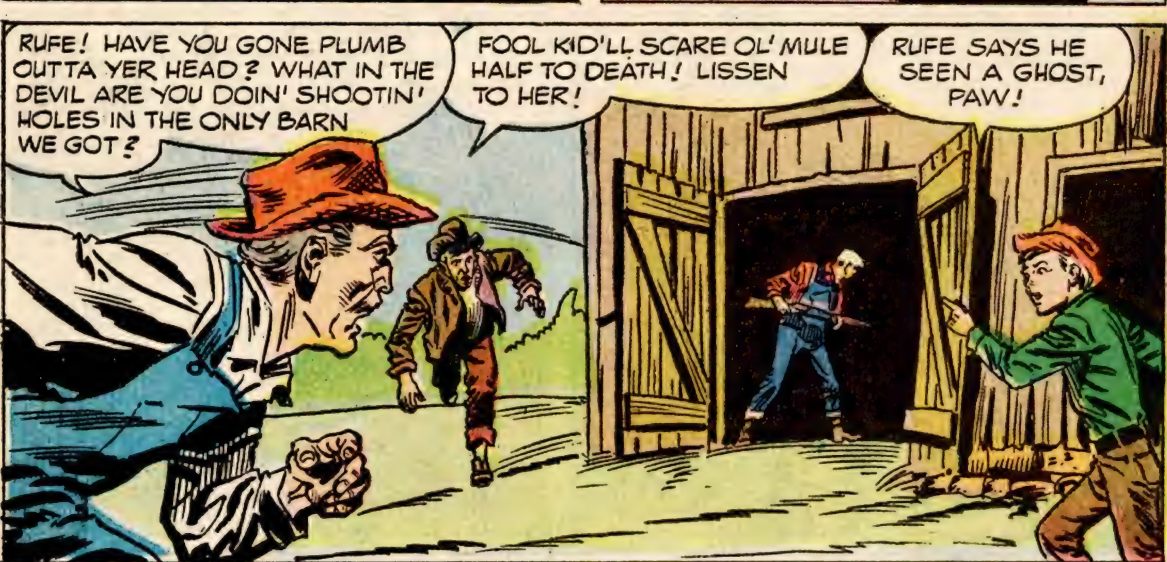
BLAM!



RUFE! HAVE YOU GONE PLUMB
OUTTA YER HEAD? WHAT IN THE
DEVIL ARE YOU DOIN' SHOOTIN'
HOLES IN THE ONLY BARN
WE GOT?

FOOL KID'LL SCARE OL' MULE
HALF TO DEATH! LISSEN
TO HER!

RUFE SAYS HE
SEEN A GHOST,
PAW!



I DID, PAW! I SEEN A GHOST! AND I
SHOT 'IM, TOO! DEAD CENTER!



I GOT ME A MIND TO
STRAP SOME SENSE
INTO YOU... IFFEN I
THOUGHT IT WOULD
DO ANY GOOD...

BUT I SEEN HIM,
PAW! HONEST!

PAW!
LOOK!





HE DID SEE
A GHOST,
PAW! AN'
THERE'S
ANOTHER
'UN!

JEEHOSEPHAT!
WILL YA LOOK
AT THAT!



I GOT 'IM...
WHATEVER
HE WAS!

BAM!



GET IN THERE! I SEEN
ANOTHER 'UN OUT BY
THE CHICKEN COOP!
WE'S SURROUNDED!



PAAAA!

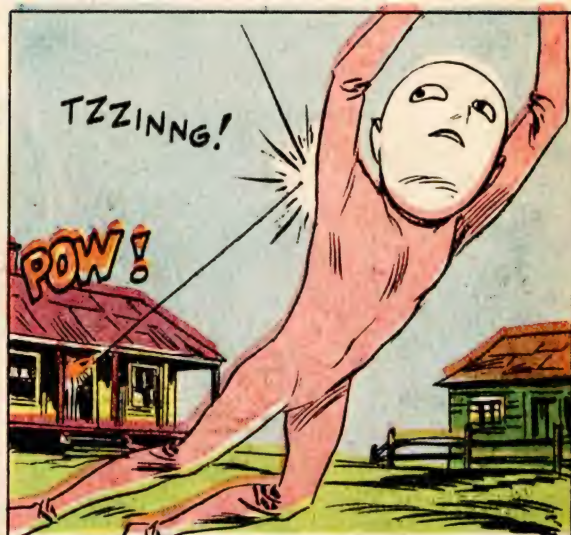
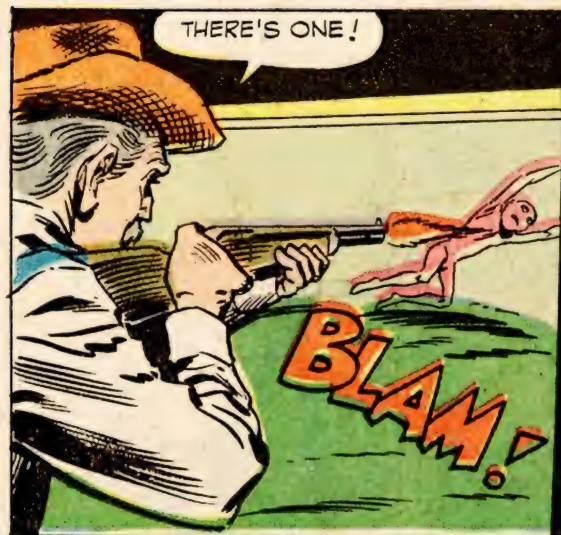


WHAT IN TARNATION IS HAPPENIN'? THEY'S ALL
OVER THE PLACE! JERIMIAH, GET THE SHERIFF
ON THE PHONE... HURRY!

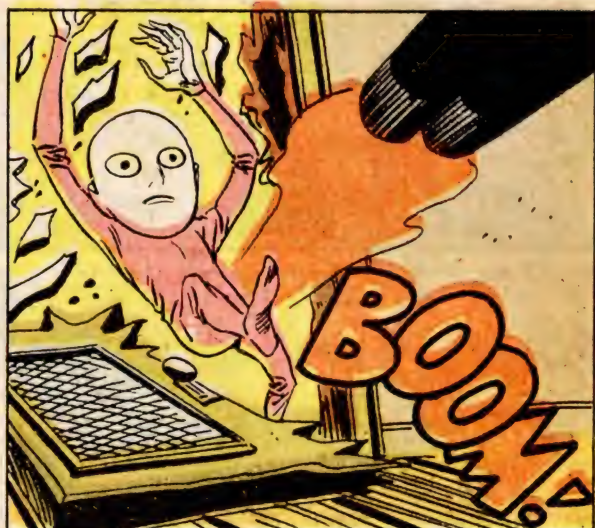
I AM, PAW...
I AM!

KABLOOM!

THERE'S ONE!

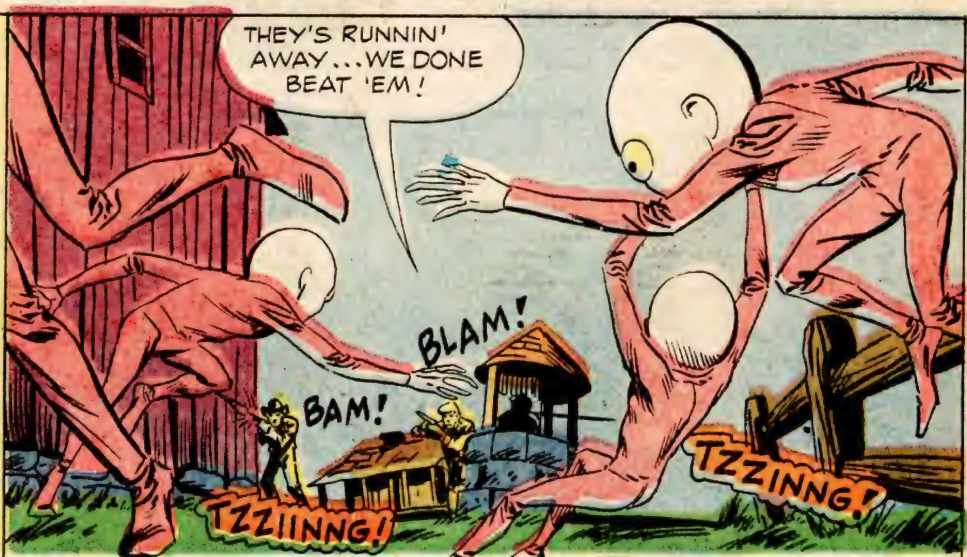


THEY AIN'T GHOSTS... THEY CAN'T BE! THEM BULLETS IS BOUNCIN' RIGHT OFF LIKE THEY WAS IRON OR SOMETHIN'...



FOR NEARLY AN HOUR AND A HALF ON THAT OTHERWISE QUIET DAY, BULLETS AND SHOT FLEW STRAIGHT AT THE "GHOSTS" THAT HAD MADE THEIR PRESENCE KNOWN ON THE TALMADGE FARM...

THEY'S RUNNIN' AWAY... WE DONE BEAT 'EM!



LATER...

NOW WHAT IN BLAZES DO WE TELL THE SHERIFF? HE'LL THINK WE'RE PLUMB CRAZY IN THE HEAD!

NOW, JED! YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE AND TELL ME YOU BEEN FIGHTIN' **GHOSTS!** YOU AIN'T GOT A **STILL** GOIN' AGAIN, DO YOU?

BY EVER' THING I BELIEVE IN, SHERIFF! THEM THINGS WAS HERE! AND THEY WAS REAL!

HMM! IT **DON'T** MAKE MUCH SENSE FOR YOU TO BLOW YOUR OWN HOUSE FULL OF HOLES FOR A JOKE!

SHE'S DEAD! AND SHE AIN'T SHOT! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME SHE DIED A **FRIGHT?**

NOTHIN' ELSE WOULD'A DONE IT, SHERIFF! NOTHIN' ELSE IN THE WORLD!

YOU GONNA REPORT THIS, AVERY?

NOPE! GOT NOTHIN' TO REPORT! AND YOU ALL BETTER FORGET ABOUT IT TOO! SOME THINGS IS BEST LEFT UNSAID...TO ANYBODY!

FOR THE TALMADGES AND SHERIFF AVERY PLUNKIT THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE MATTER, EXCEPT FOR A STRANGE WINK WHENEVER THEY MEET! FOR OCTOBER 14th '51 THERE WAS NOTHING TO REPORT... NOTHING AT ALL!

- END -

FLYING SAUCERS



MAYDAY...
MAYDAY...MAYDAY..
OBJECT IS ON
COLLISION COURSE...
CAN'T AVOID...
MAYDAY...
MAYDAY...

IT'S TOO
LATE, PAUL.
IT HIT US!
WE'RE
GOING
DOWN!

THE MOST EXCITING THING THAT HAD EVER HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN PAUL HANSON AND HIS CO-PILOT RAY ROY IN THEIR THREE YEARS OF FLYING FREIGHT TOGETHER WAS THE TIME WHEN A SHIPMENT OF CHIMPANZEES BROKE OUT OF THEIR CAGES AND RULED THE AIR FOR AN HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES...UNTIL JUNE 16, 1964, THAT IS...

Collision Course

FLEET AIRWAYS CONSISTED OF THREE AIRCRAFT, SIX PILOTS AND A MOTLEY ASSORTMENT OF MECHANICS WHO DOUBLED AS FREIGHT LOADERS IF IT MEANT MORE MONEY. ON THE DAY IN QUESTION...

DRINK UP, RAY. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP SOME KIND OF SCHEDULE.

LIKE IT OR NOT, EH?



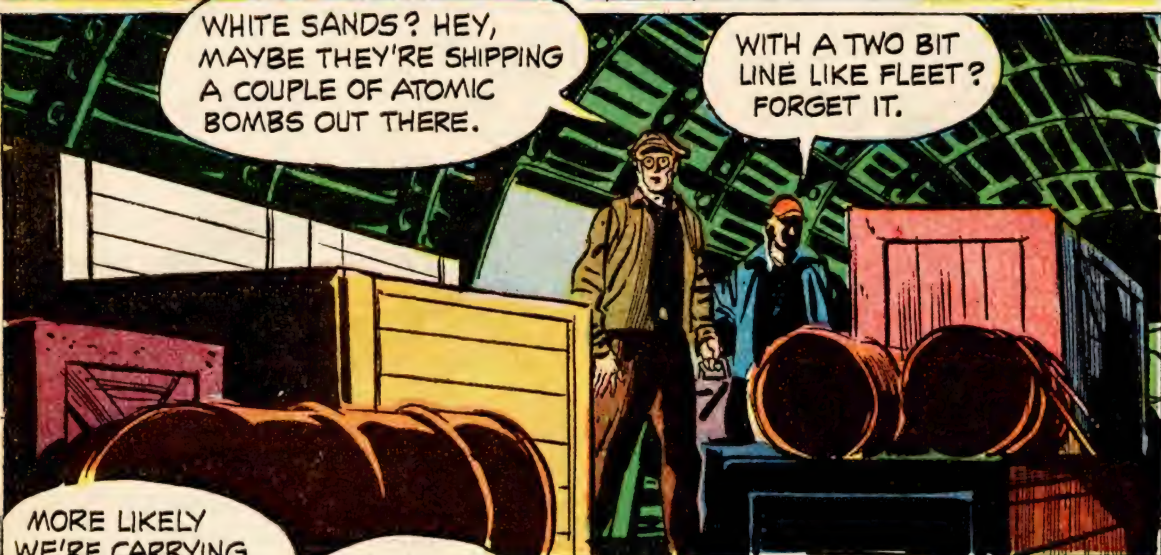
WHAT'S THE CARGO...AND WHY ALL THE HUSH HUSH?

BEATS ME. BUT OUR DESTINATION MAY TELL US SOMETHING. WHITE SANDS PROVING GROUND.



WHITE SANDS? HEY, MAYBE THEY'RE SHIPPING A COUPLE OF ATOMIC BOMBS OUT THERE.

WITH A TWO BIT LINE LIKE FLEET? FORGET IT.

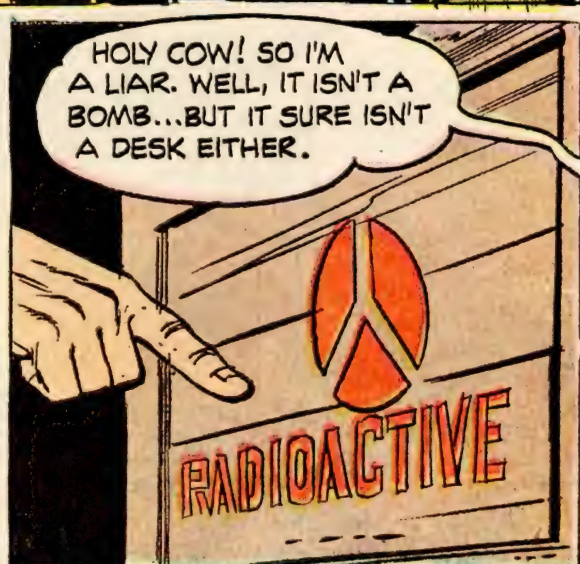


MORE LIKELY WE'RE CARRYING OFFICE FURNITURE... YOU KNOW, EXCITING STUFF.

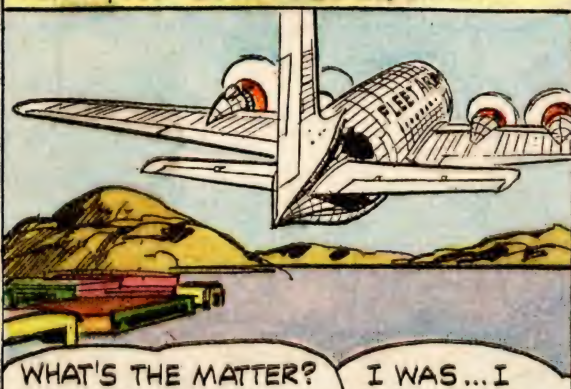
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE. GET A LOAD OF THIS.



HOLY COW! SO I'M A LIAR. WELL, IT ISN'T A BOMB...BUT IT SURE ISN'T A DESK EITHER.



PUZZLED BUT NOT OVERLY CONCERNED, THE TWO VETERAN PILOTS RUN THROUGH THEIR PRE-FLIGHT CHECK LISTS, OBTAIN CLEARANCE TO TAKE OFF FROM THE TOWER, AND SOON ARE AIRBORNE!

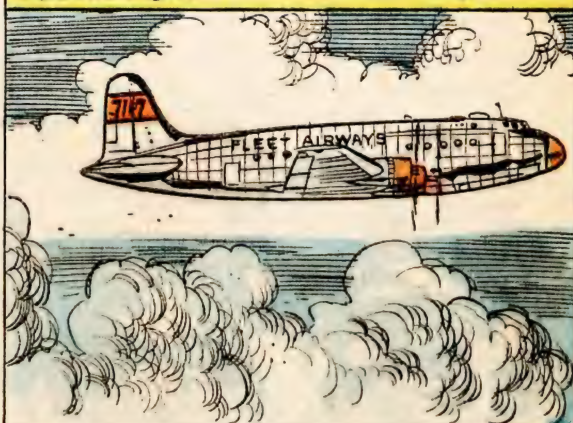


WHAT'S THE MATTER? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO CALL IN OUR POSITION TO TULSA RADIO.

I WAS... I MEAN I AM. BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE RADIO... I'M GETTING NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF STATIC!



WITHIN MINUTES THEY REACH THEIR CRUISING ALTITUDE AND SETTLE BACK FOR AN UNEVENTFUL FLIGHT TO THEIR DESTINATION...



HERE. I'LL TRY IT. I'LL USE 112.8... WITH THAT HOT STUFF ON BOARD, I WANT **SOME-BODY** TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE EVERY MINUTE.

IS IT GETTING **LIGHTER** OR DID I EAT TOO MANY CARROTS?



LOOK! ARE THOSE CLOUDS OUT THERE GLOWING OR DID MY FIRST CLASS MEDICAL CERTIFICATE JUST EXPIRE? **I SEE SOMETHING, PAUL... TELL ME I DO!**



IT'S PROBABLY A SUN DOG...HANG THIS RADIO! I CAN'T GET ANYTHING BUT STATIC EITHER.

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT...

GREAT SCOTT! LOOK!
GET THIS AIRPLANE UP...UP!
IT'S ON A COLLISION
COURSE!

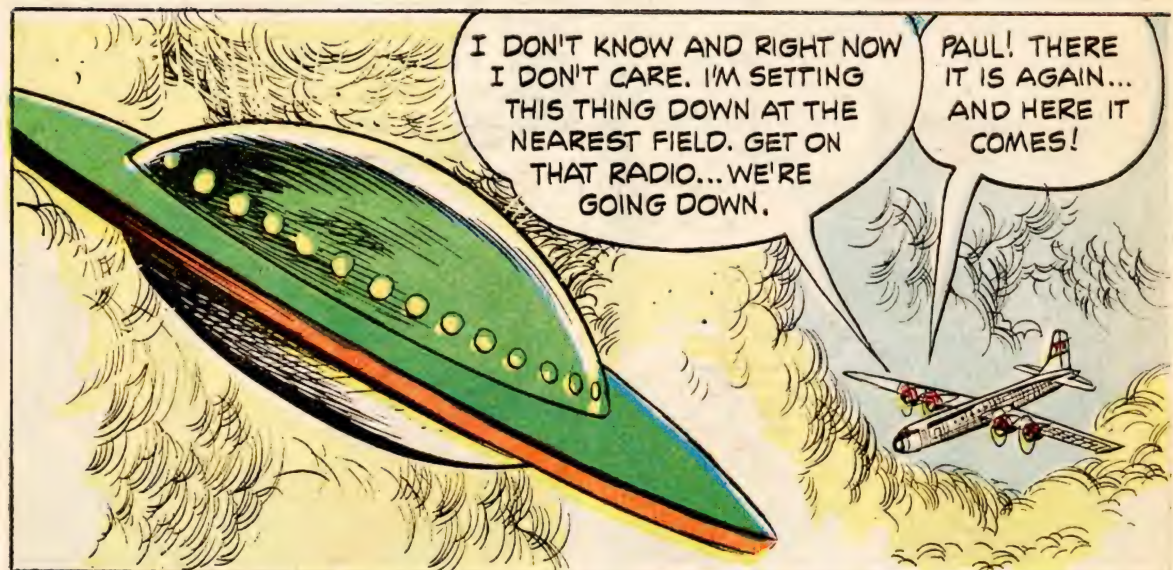
THROWING HIS FULL WEIGHT
INTO THE CONTROL YOKE,
CAPTAIN HANSON FORCES THE
HEAVILY LOADED PLANE UP-
WARDS...AS THE STRANGE
DISC DOES THE SAME!

I...IT NOSED
UP WHEN WE
DID...LIKE IT
WAS PLAYING
GAMES WITH
US.

SOME GAME.
WHAT IN BLAZES
WAS IT? SOME
KIND OF NEW
JET?

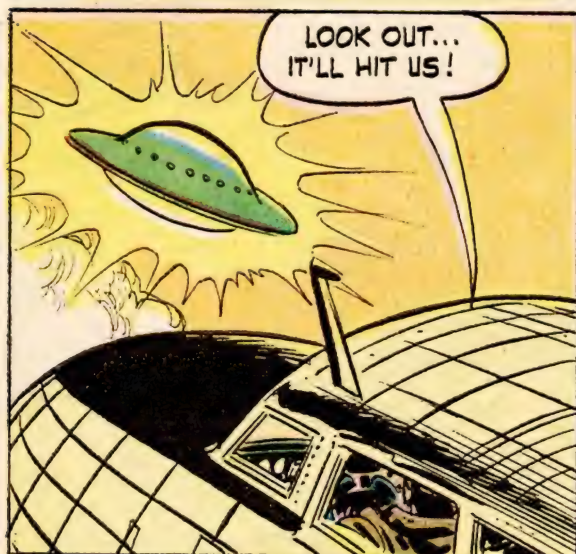
GET OFF IT. NO JET CAN FLY LIKE THAT..
AND I KNOW THEM ALL. AND THAT LIGHT..
IT SURE AS SHOOTING ISN'T ONE OF OURS.

THEN
WHOSE
IS IT?



I DON'T KNOW AND RIGHT NOW I DON'T CARE. I'M SETTING THIS THING DOWN AT THE NEAREST FIELD. GET ON THAT RADIO... WE'RE GOING DOWN.

PAUL! THERE IT IS AGAIN... AND HERE IT COMES!

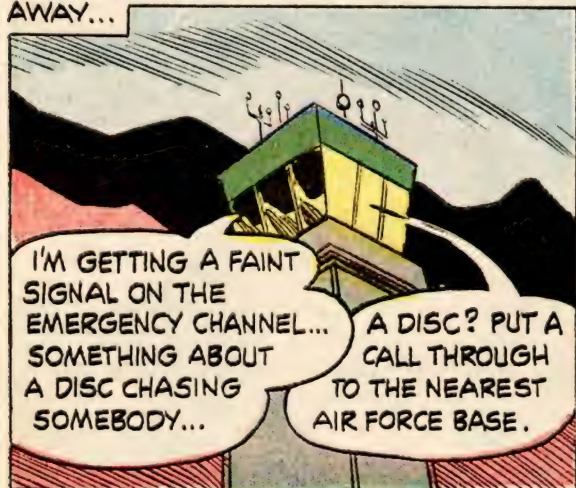


LOOK OUT... IT'LL HIT US!



IT'S TOO GOOD. IT CAN'T HIT US...UNLESS IT **WANTS TO**. MAYDAY...MAYDAY...COME IN TULSA...COME IN ANYBODY...SOMETHING'S CHASING US...MAYDAY... MAYDAY...

MEANWHILE, OVER TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY...



I'M GETTING A FAINT SIGNAL ON THE EMERGENCY CHANNEL... SOMETHING ABOUT A DISC CHASING SOMEBODY...

A DISC? PUT A CALL THROUGH TO THE NEAREST AIR FORCE BASE.



AT THE FIRST WORD OF THE SIGHTING, TWO HOT JETS ARE SCRAMBLED IN PURSUIT...

RADAR FIXES HIM ONE HUNDRED
MILES WEST OF US...
LET'S GO!

FULL
POWER!
ROGER!

IF IT'S ANYTHING
LIKE THOSE OTHER
THINGS...I'M READY!

THE JETS WERE READY FOR SOMETHING...THE SAME SOMETHING THAT CAUGHT
HANSON AND ROY UNPREPARED...

MAYDAY...OBJECT
RETURNED...COLLISION
COURSE....CAN'T
EVADE...

IT'S HIT...GREAT
SCOT! IT'S TAKEN
OFF HALF OUR
STARBOARD WING!

UNABLE TO CONTROL THE HEAVY LADEN AIR-
CRAFT, THE TWO HAPLESS PILOTS AWAIT AN
UNKNOWN FATE...

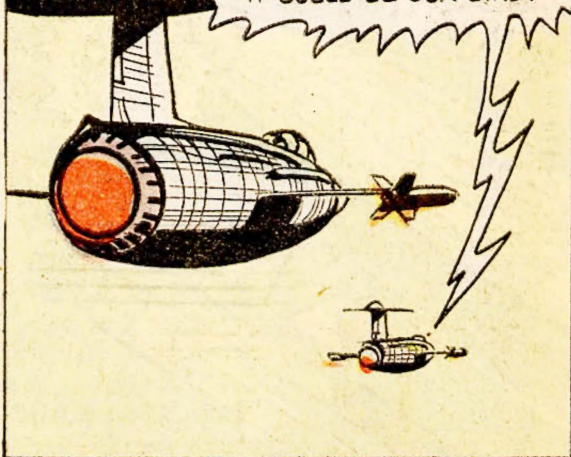
DISC TOOK OFF HALF OF WING...
OUT OF CONTROL...GOING DOWN...
THIS IS IT...WE.....

THAT'S THE END OF
THE TRANSMISSION.
IT'S ALL OVER.

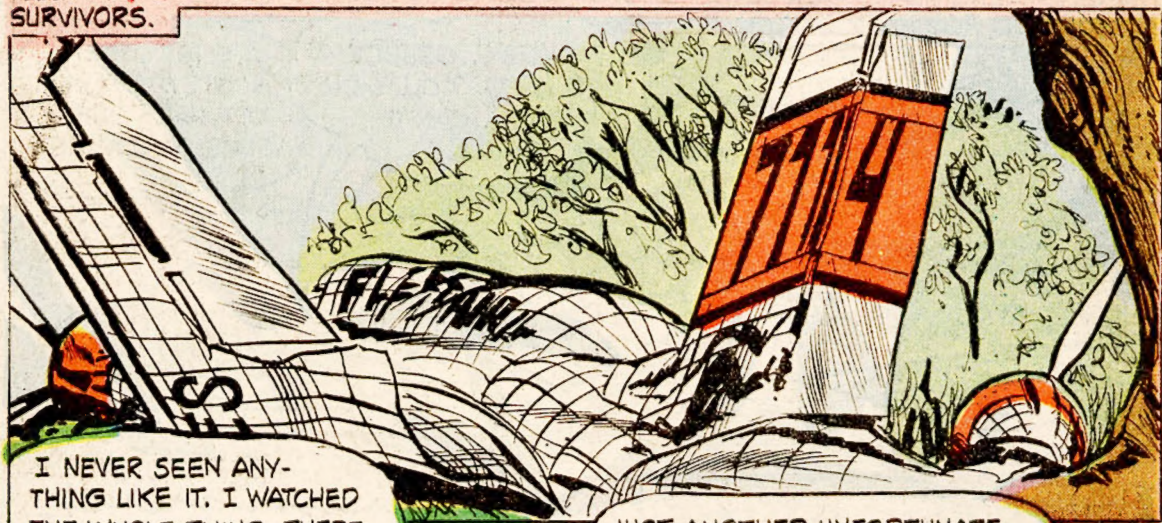
THE RADAR FIX HAD HIM LOCATED
HERE....BUT THERE ISN'T ANYTHING...
NOTHING!



DOWN THERE...IN THE
TREES...FIRE AND SMOKE..
IT COULD BE OUR BIRD.



FLEET AIRWAYS FLIGHT 611 ENDED MIDWAY ON ITS INTENDED FLIGHT PLAN. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS.



I NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE IT. I WATCHED
THE WHOLE THING. THERE
WAS THIS BRIGHT THING...
THEN IT HIT THE PLANE...
AND NOW THIS. IT WAS
TURBID...JUST TURBID.
WHAT WAS IT?

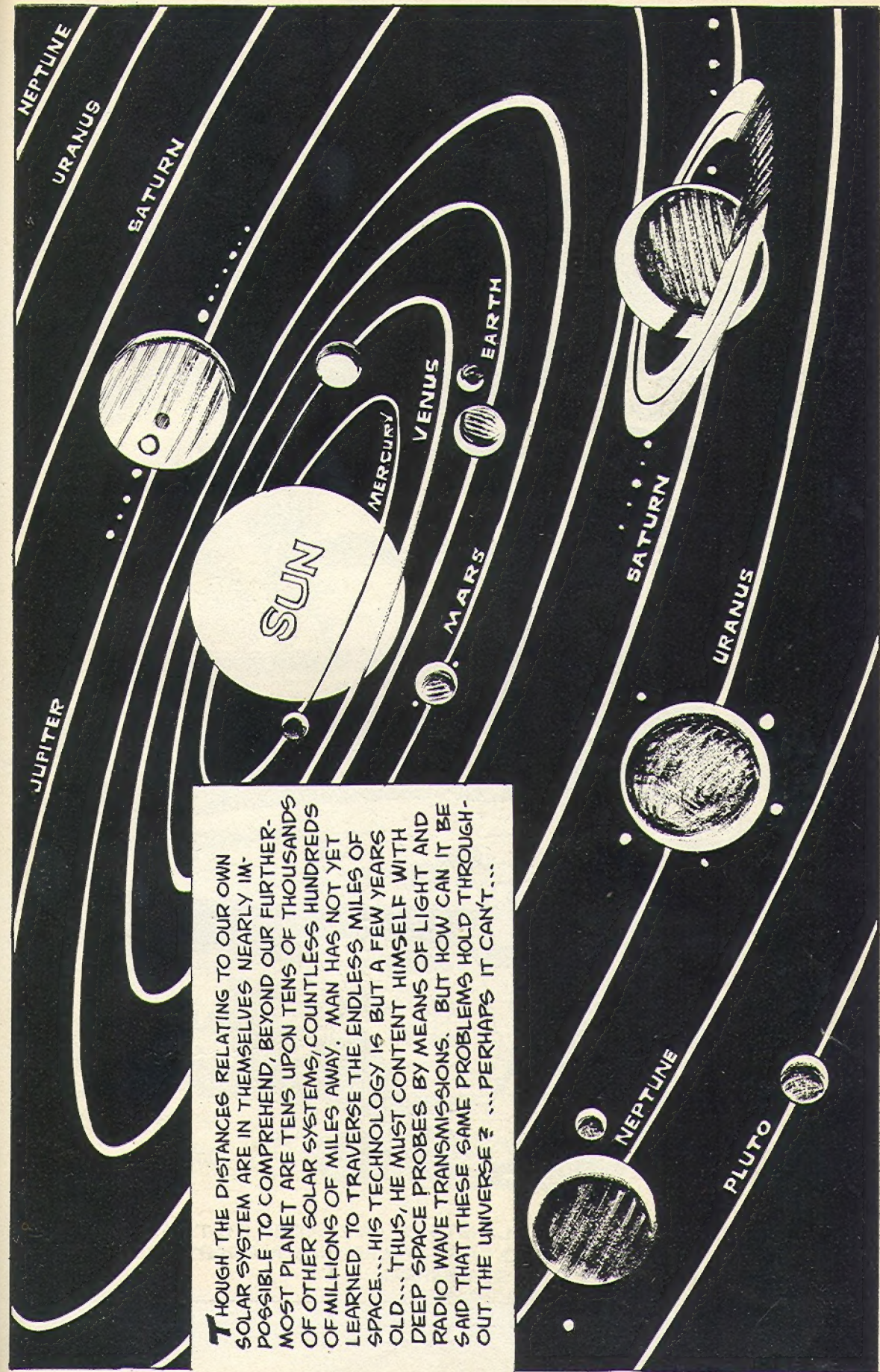


JUST ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE
ACCIDENT. THAT'S ALL IT WAS.



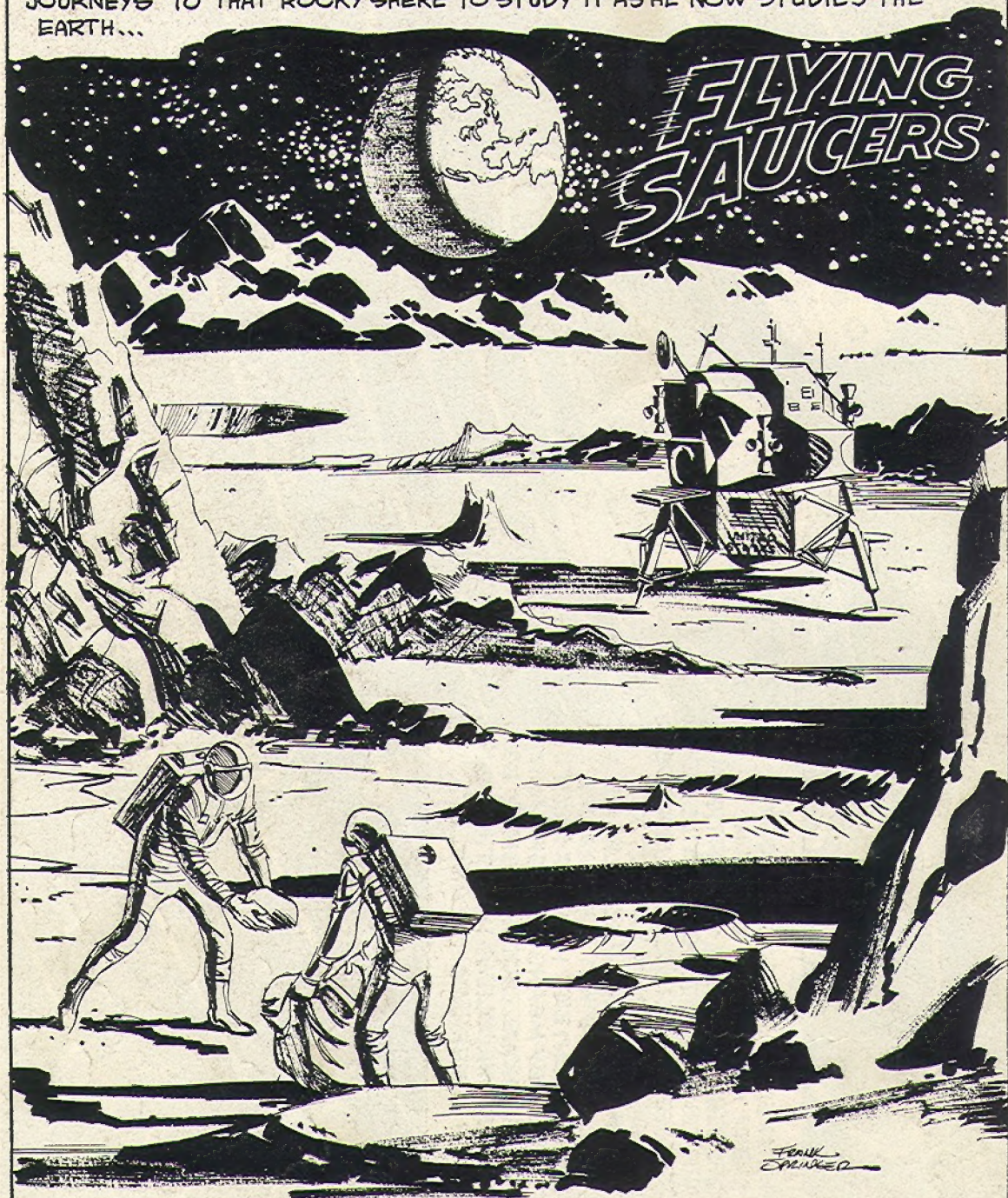
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, ALL RIGHT. AN UNFORTU-
NATE ONE TOO. BUT **JUST ANOTHER** UNFORTU-
NATE ACCIDENT? THERE'S NOBODY LEFT TO
SAY...OR IS THERE?

THE END



THOUGH THE DISTANCES RELATING TO OUR OWN SOLAR SYSTEM ARE IN THEMSELVES NEARLY IM- POSSIBLE TO COMPREHEND, BEYOND OUR FURTHER- MOST PLANET ARE TENS UPON TENS OF THOUSANDS OF OTHER SOLAR SYSTEMS, COUNTLESS HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY. MAN HAS NOT YET LEARNED TO TRAVERSE THE ENDLESS MILES OF SPACE... HIS TECHNOLOGY IS BUT A FEW YEARS OLD... THUS, HE MUST CONTENT HIMSELF WITH DEEP SPACE PROBES BY MEANS OF LIGHT AND RADIO WAVE TRANSMISSIONS. BUT HOW CAN IT BE SAID THAT THESE SAME PROBLEMS HOLD THROUGH- OUT THE UNIVERSE? ...PERHAPS IT CAN'T...

BY THE EARLY 1970'S, IF ALL GOES AS PLANNED, THE UNITED STATES HOPES TO HAVE PLACED THE FIRST MEN ON THE MOON. THE RUSSIANS HAVE THE SAME PLAN. BUT, NOTWITHSTANDING WHO ACTUALLY REACHES OUR ONLY NATURAL SATELLITE FIRST, IN A VERY SHORT TIME MAN WILL BE MAKING REGULAR JOURNEYS TO THAT ROCKY SPHERE TO STUDY IT AS HE NOW STUDIES THE EARTH...



...BEYOND THE MOON LIE THE PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM...AND BEYOND THAT, THE UNIVERSE. WHO CAN SAY WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN LEARNED OUT THERE... BY SOMEBODY... SOMEWHERE... ?